embroidered footstool, and was holding some wools as Madame de Villeneuve wound them, and at a little distance from us sat Eugene, who would occasionally read aloud extracts a more peaceable, cheerfully-untroubled party it would have been difficult to discover; and no one would have fancied, in seeing us, that the supreme scene of a terrible lifedrama was about to be enacted there in our

Monseigneur, whose one carnal weakness was a passion for chess, could no more have concealed his delight when that game terminated in his favor than could a schoolboy have repressed his joy upon winning a hardly-contested game of marbles; while Mr. de Trevor, who considered himself an authority on the subject, was incapable of accepting a defeat gracefully, moved to la Marquise's side, and from there commenced



"MIGHT BE CONSIDERED A MURDER."

pouring a volley of Parthian shots into the enemy's camp, which, we all felt, would shortly lead to one of their most animated and soul-stirring arguments.

Forgetting our different occupations-if sitting with outstretched hands, as I was doing, could be dignified by such a namewe were all listening eagerly, while even scoffing Eugene had laid aside his paper and was observing the disputants narrowly as question and reparte flew back and forth with electric sparkle and rapidity. The wordy war had reached a point of deepest interest, when Mr. de Trevor, profoundly mortified by receiving a retort which cut the ground completely from beneath his feet, leaning carelessly back in his chair, and speaking in a tone whose lightness contrasted strangely enough with the marked fervor of a moment before, said:

"Ah, well! you may, after all, be right, Yet it strikes me you must sometimes hear of very curious things in your confessional. Tell me, do you not?"

appeared momentarily on the priest's kindly | upturned, in its cold, hard stillness upon the

chess. I had settled myself upon a low, fled-essayed to answer, his eyelids closed with a quick, spasmodic movement, and the next instant he lay, at all his length, face downward, on the floor. Oh, if I could have helped my poor Margaret then! What from the Figure he held in his hand. Surely | she suspected I cannot say; but as she saw near him, with a look of cold and cynical triumph on his face, the Marquis de Flavelles, she made one bound, and, standing before Saint Amand's prostrate form, gasped forth the one word-"Murderer!"

At hearing this a light-a fierce light, in which both hate and love were strangely blended-shot from de Flavelles's eyes, and speaking with enforced calm-for I could see he was trembling violently-he said:

"Pardon, Mademoiselle! The murderer

lies at your feet!" Fearful of what might happen, I had moved to my cousin's side and placed one hand upon her arm; but at these words she pushed me roughly from her, and starting forward so that she stood, face to face, so near Eugene, that he, taken completely off his guard, reeled slightly back. She cried, wildly:

"May God punish you for that base lie!' Fortunately, Mr. de Trevor-who with incredible swiftness had placed himself beside Flavelles-here caught his arm, and with alternate menaces and prayers led him from the room, just as Margaret, with a long, shivering sob, mercifully lost consciousness.

Although la Marquise forbade Eugene, upon pain of disinheritance, from mentioning the foregoing scene, and Monseigneur, who took Philippe with him to his room in Tours, used all his most forcible arguments in order to induce him to say nothing of the matter, Saint Armand-declining all counhimself to justice.

At the trial which ensued-if trial it could be called where the accused not only pleaded guilty, but sternly refused to put forward any defense-Philippe told his story in a brave, unflinching manner.

It had been at the ball of which Madame de Villeneuve had spoken that Saint Armand had heard, for the first time, of his Uncle's approaching marriage with a weman of notoriously bad character, and, his blood aflame with anger and humiliation, he had left the house, and, catching the midnight

Meeting the Count, who was always an early riser, in the park, high words had passed between them; and when the old man, in a frenzy of rage, had lifted his heavy cane to strike his nephew, there had been a brief struggle, and the next moment Philippe had been seen rushing wildly through the woods, followed ever by the white horror of that face from which all A look of pained and shocked annoyance | anger had fled, and which was lying there,

Philippe's mad course had come only to

finding his valet absent, he had gone directly

to his room, and, overcome with fatigue and

delirious with fever, had stretched himself

upon that bed from which he was to rise but

Never once through all the painful recital

did he falter, or seek in any way to excuse

or palliate his fault, and so powerful an

and manners have upon his hearers, that as

one person present who did not wish him

well. Indeed, at the time, it was very gen-

erally hinted that the degree of virulence

exhibited by the prosecuting attorney could

have been motived only by the promise of a

munificent reward, and when the latter fol-

lowed with a bitterly-envenomed speech.

tending to show how Saint Armand alone

had been benefited by this death, and how

easily he might have cleared himself of all

suspicion had he but told this story at the

it was generally feared things would go

such widespread sympathy.

mentioned his name.

hardly for this man whose demeanor under

these trying circumstances had won for him

insisted upon returning to Paris-to be near

Philippe, she said. But as to seeing Saint

his special request, transmitted to us by my

brother, we none of us attended the trial,

and he peremptorily refused to receive even

Margaret in his cell. I wondered at that at

As for Eugene de Flavelles, he appeared

to have entirely dropped out of our lives,

and even the old Marquise, who left the

chatean to be with us a few days, never

Never shall I forget Harry's face as he

came rushing in on the last day of that trial.

with tears of joy actually glistening in his

eyes, to tell us how, when things had been

looking very black indeed for Philippe, Mon-

seigneur de Lessert-who had been present each day from the opening to the closing of

the court-had suddenly requested permis-

sion to testify, and had told the story with

so much feeling, dwelling so earnestly upon

the low and violent character of the woman

with whom they had then had to deal-she

had died but a few months later in a

drunken orgy-and of the harm she would

undoubtedly have worked to the young

Count had she but foreseen a chance of secur-

ing his vast inheritance; and of how, sup-

posing that his silence could injure no one-

for it was at the trial that Monseigneur and

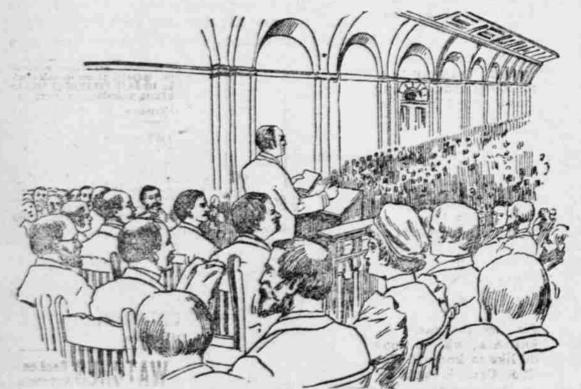
Philippe heard for the first time of the

blight that had been cast upon poor

Jacque's life-he had himself counciled

Saint Armand to say nothing of the matter.

Harry-God bless him!-stood nobly by



MANSLAUGHTER, COMMITTED IN SELF-DEFENSE.

Jace, fading gradually to a rapt expression, gravel walk, seeming to mock the birds as which told that his thoughts had traveled they sang in glad, sweet chorus overhead. far from his actual surroundings. Then, in an end when he had found himself at the an absent tone-such as a person speaking little station at Tours, and had seen before in his sleep might use—he said: "The first him, just about to depart, the Paris "Exconfession to which I ever listened was that | press." Throwing himself, all unperceived of what, by the world at large, might be as it happened, into an empty carriage, he had been an instant later whirling on toward considered-a murder." Paris, where, on reaching his apartment and

As the grave, measured tones ceased, I-I was always too stupidly impressionablefelt a cold chill creep over me, while a silence so profound settled upon us all that there was a general start as a burning log two months later. changed suddenly its position on the hearth. At the same moment voices were heard without, then approaching footsteps; and, effect did his calm, straightforward words as a servant drew aside the heavy portiere, Margaret-her radiant beauty increased ten- he ceased speaking there was probably but fold by happiness-stood, side by side with Philippe, in the doorway,

So engrossed had we been by the subject under discussion, and so amazed were we at being thus suddenly recalled to the affairs of every-day life by the appearance of my cousin and Count Saint Armand, that for a brief instant no one spoke.

It was Madame de Flavelles who, finally, smiling gently, broke the silence. "L'est | time, the faces grew very grave again, and toi, Marguerite! Welcome back cherie! We have missed thee sadly. Philippe, mon ami, thou shouldst know, I think, Monseigneur Lessert, our good Cure of Saint Philippe du Roule, who has come now to be his friend through all that time, and it was | wood said to be 6,000 years old. our Bishop here at Tours."

Over St. Armand's face flashed a look of pleased though startled recognition, and, stepping quickly toward the priest, who had risen to receive him, he exclaimed:

"What! remember the good Abbe Lessert? Most assuredly I do! And he, I think, can hardly have forgotten that I was the first person whom he received in the time, but later the idea struck me that confessional after his ordination as priest." it must have been from fear of unnerving How often, in my dreams, have I lived himself.

over again the dismay and terror of that moment, during which each person present seemed literally changed to stone!

Over Monseigneur's face had spread a livid hue, while M. de Trevor, who was deeply attached to Philippe, had also grown deadly pale. Neither la Marquise nor Madame de Villeneuve appeared to have grasped the horror of the situation, and were looking in wonderment from one blanched face to another, when a short, harsh laugh-terrible in its triumph-broke the awful silence, and Eugene de Flavelles, starting to his feet, moved several paces nearer to where Philippe stood, while Margaret, with eyes dilated by terror-though of what she knew not-sprang forward, and dropping on her knees beside Madame de Flavelles, said, hurriedly:

"But, ma tante! what has happened? Are you not glad to see us here? I"-

She got no further, however, for during this time Eugene had addressed some words in a low, abrupt tone to Philippe, and as Then, changing his tone, he had spoken so the latter-from whose face all color had impressively of the mental sufferings the

-as she supposed-her lover lifeless, and

without him?" was Margaret's only comment on the narration, and Harry-who had thought only of bringing us the news as quickly as possible-rushed down-stairs, and springing into a cab directed the man to make all possible speed to the prison. The ensuing hour was certainly the long-

general rejoicing.

est one I ever spent. Mother stood at one widow and I at the other, while Margaret walked jestlessly about the room, stopping at each approaching footfall, only to continue her way with a strained, white look

prisoner had, he knew, undergone these

many years for what had been, after all, but

an accident—though a terrible one, that he

did not deny-that as the good Bishop re-

upon her face a moment later. It was I who finally exclaimed: "Ah, here he is at last!" but my tongue seemed to cleave to the roof of my mouth as I spoke, or no one followed my brother out of the carriage, and he entered the hotel alone. There was no necessity for Margaret to

speak as he came into the room; her eyes contained all the inquiry needed; and as he silently handed her a small, sealed envelope, I wondered it were possible for anyone to She had been so brave-so brave-all

through these days; but as she caught sight of the few lines the letter contained her wonderful self-control gave way, and falling, rather than seating herself, on the sofa near by, she buried her face in the cushions and broke into a passionate flood of tears.

For he had gone-gone wholly out of her life - so ran the note, which, as it had dropped upon the floor, I caught up and glanced hastily over-and though he knew she would, in her sweet, self-sacrificing way. ask to come to him, it could never be, now that his disgrace was known. And if he had lacked courage to tell her of this before, it had been because of the knowledge that sel-insisted upon immediately surrendering she would never again be able to look at him without thinking of the secret that lay so heavily upon his soul. Nor must she try to find him, as from that very hour even his name itself was lost. And then followed some few, brief words of farewell, which, even now, only to think upon, make my eyelids tingle from the rush of fast-gathering tears.

A year from that time found us on our way to the East, for Margaret's health had broken so rapidly, as she found one attempt after another to discover Philippe's whereabouts end only in failure-his lawyer himself assuring us he could give us no possible clew-that the physician had declared a train, had reached the Hermitage between | milder climate and the distraction of travel 6 and 7 o'clock on a lovely morning in absolutely necessary. She had dreaded leaving Paris, where she considered the chances of success more certain, and had only consented to do so when assured by Harry and Clement Harrington that during her absence no stone should be left unturned that could aid her in her search.

One of the two last named-and it was not my brother-had made a very wry face at the idea of our leaving just as mother had finally consented to our-but, there, again I am wandering off to my own affairs, which, as I said before, have nothing whatever to

do with my story. It was Margaret herself who suggested our going to the Holy Land, and though the mater shook her head sadly as she noted the sudden flush and restless sparkling of the eyes with which the request was accom-

panied, we went all the same. We had been there but a short time before, to mother's amazement-I had nearly said horror-my cousin evinced a feverish desire to visit the desolate habitation where dwell those most wretched outcasts of humanity -the lepers. Did some instinct tell her that the brave man of whom we heard such frequent mention as of one having come out to devote his life to relieving the sufferings of these poor creatures-might be, must be Philippe? Ah, that I cannot tell! But there it was she found him; or, rather, there it was that, as we had stopped, along with the Sister of Mercy who accompanied usfor Margaret, though living in our Protestant home, had been brought up in her mother's faith-to offer some assistance to one of those poor sufferers, he found her, and his sharp, startled cry of "Marguerite!" first told her of his presence.

Very grave and pale he looked, and so changed that had it not been for his voice I

should never have recognized him. Even then he essaved to evade us, but she had come too far to admit of that; and there, in that poor cave, she wound her two shapely arms about his neck, and entreated so earnestly and tenderly to be allowed to share his work, that he-ah! well, what could he do but yield?

SEQUEL.

All travelers who, during the past 20 years, have visited the Holy Land, are familiar with the good work that has been done there by the Count and Countess Saint Armand; and if these two devoted laborers finally consented to return to France, making only occasional visits to Jerusalem in order to see that all was working aright in the hospital they had established there, it was simply because of the failing health of the old Marquise de Flavelles, who, in consequence of her nephew's death-he had been carried off by an attack of typhoid fever, and, I think, was regretted by no one-had named Margaret heiress of her estates, and who positively refused to allow the son and heir of the Saint Armands, who was born soon after their return to the old chateau, to be reared otherwise than under her supervision.

Wood 6,000 Years Old.

It is seldom that wood which has grown more than 4,000 years before the Christian era is used in the construction of a present-day residence, and yet this really happened recently in Edinburg, where a mantel-piece was fashioned from A suggestion contained therein that the League set

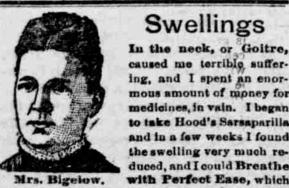
An oak tree was found in a sandpit at Mushe who brought us each day tidings of how selburg 13 feet below the surface. Prof. Geikie. the case advanced; for, despite Madame de of the University of Edinburg, after personally Flavelles's earnest solicitation, Margaret had examining the strata in which this oak was found, said the tree, which was five feet nine inches in diameter, must be at least 6,000 years Armand, that was out of the question, for at old, and described it as a relic of neolithic man. It was in a fine state of preservation, due to the sand, and was easily workable.

Scott in a Temperance Version. [Boston Commercial Bulletin.]

At an entertainment given to a boys' club in this city, under the supervision of some charitable ladies, who managed the affair, a reader was to recite Scott's poem of "Lochinvar." Fancy his surprise at finding the managers, who were averse to having anything in praise of wine read to the pupils, making an alteration of the lines-

"And now I am come with this lost love of mine,
To tread but one measure, drink one cup of wine," to the following:

"And now have I come with this beautiful maid. To tread but one measure, drink one lemonade.



ing, and I spent an enormous amount of money for medicines, in vain. I began to take Hood's Sarsaparilla and in a few weeks I found the swelling very much reduced, and I could Breathe Mrs. Bigelow, with Perfect Ease, which had not done for years. I continued with HOOD'S SARSAPARILLA and am Permanently Cured." Mrs. JENNIE BIGELOW, Fremont.

Swellings

Hood's Pills cure liver ills, constipation, biliousness, jaundice, sick headache, 250.

M. VICTOR GOODRICH.

seated himself a deep sigh of relief had gone up from each one of his many listeners, "SWAMP ANGKL." and when the jury finally dismissed the case Swamp Angel is one of our younger posers, his puzzieistic career dating from June, 1890, when he sent a list of solutions to "Knotty Points," one of Ruthven's departments. He was born in Dover, Iil., Jun. 7, 1871; in '84 removed to Harmon, Iil., residing near what is called the Green River Swamp, with the verdict "manslaughter committed in self-defense" there had been great and Where is he? Why have you come



abode in Rock Falls. His contributions have been sent chiefly to "Complications," several appearing over the title of R. K. Num. Has never met any of the fraternity, although be is but a short distance from the veteran Neisonian. "Mystery" has published some of his work, and has more filed for

ANSWERS TO PU	The second secon
831-Lived : devil.	833-Pert: used.
832-CALAMIST	834— J
ADELANTE	I S
LECANORA	SAP
ALAMODES	ANER
MANORIAL	PACED
INODIATE	ANT RES
STREATOR	SALUTER
TEASLERS	INTR OMIT
835-Juniata:	JACULATOR
Juanita.	SERO TINE
836-ATOMISM	PETALED
TARENTE	REM ISE
ORESTES	DETER
MESSIAS	SINE
INTIERI	ROD
STEARIN	T E
MESSINA	R

Note: As was stated in No. 92, our solvers' list will be published but once a month in the future. Names of solvers of June puzzles, together with the number of correct answers sent by each, and prizewinners for the month will appear in "Mystery" of July 27. Send in your lists to Nos. 92, 93, 94, and 95 without delay.

> NEW PUZZLES-NO. 97. NOS. 876-7-SQUARES.

1. Instruments having two or three sharp sides or edges, for cleaning the planks, masts, or decks of a ship. 2. A city of Greece. 3. One who refers. 4. Raising, (Obs.) 5. Livers. (Dungl.) 6. Adorns. 7. Enters again. 8. The gulf-weed.

1. P. O., Jefferson Co., Tenn. 2. Vailed. (Cent.) 3. Turning away. (Cent.) 4. Darraigns. (Obs.) 5. Visitors. 6. To form in line, as troops. (Cent.) P. O., Linn Co., Mo. 8. Of or pertaining to Edessa, a city of northwestern Mesopotamia. -ELBERT, Denver, Colo. (Cent.)

NO. 878-CHARADE. (To Lone Fisherman.) A fisherman was I; with me My maid would watch the sunset burn : But now. O how my heart does yearn, So very ALL and shy is she. She talks ONE, Two in manner free, But when I speak of love, you see, Grows coy, because I'm not, I learn, A fisherman,

She is so full of life and glee, O, Love, that all her mirth should flee At naming thee! Would Cupid earn Her maiden heart her head to turn. Instead of archer he must be A fisherman! -SWAMP ANGEL, Rock Falls, Ill.

NO. 879-DIAMOND. 1. A letter. 2. A large ornamental letter used by the enriy printers. 3. A town of Italy. 4. Reckons. (Obs. Cent.) 5. Roman coins. 6. The business of factors. 7. P. O., Dougherty Co., Ga. The upper stories of the naves of churches, 9. Imposed a charge upon. 10. Things peculiar to one's seif. 11. Scrutinized. 12. A town of Spain. -ELBERT, Denver, Colo.

NO. 880-ANAGRAM. The moon was high, the hour was late And still we lingered at the gate, I often look with scornful pity

At gateless houses in the city, Of course I never meant to stay, But then, I had so much to say Of vital interest, no doubt,

13. A letter.

Though now I can't tell what about, You would have said if you had seen us, There must be something, sure, between us. Your duilness I commisserate,

For there was nothing-but the gate. "Good-night!" At last the parting came! Now. I don't like her IDLE NAME; In accents tender as her ma's, I cailed her Mad, and so she was. -M. C. S., Springfield, Ill.

NO. 881-LEFT RHOMBOID. Across: I. A substance formed by a katabolic process. 2. Interesting. 3. Native strontium sulphate. 4. Those who retort, 5. Those who mo-lest, 6. Varieties of coral. 7. Affords, 8. The baiustrade of a staircase. 9 A county of England. Down: 1 A letter. 2. To bring. 3. To rain. 4. To ignore. 5. A genus of edentates. 6. Relating to Rome, or to the Roman Catholic Church. 7, Venetian painter, 1637-1706. 8. One who abhors 9. A measure of solidity or volume, 10. Things

which turn aside. 11. Sixpences. 12. Woodworms. (Cent.) 13. Moots. 14. European meadow pipits. 15. A reverential salutation. 16. A city of China. 17. A letter. -ELBERT, Denver, Colo. NO. 882-CRYPTOGRAM.

ARCEDEF GHIDJ, KLMNGH OKEPHQO, ARHFS BMHID TJENUKO, OLUSK ODHGBO, ARBICD OBERHN VBNQHC, WECPECQ MHNKBC XKWJGIVO. -BEN TROVATO, Rochester, N. Y.

THE EASTERN PUZZLERS' LEAGUE. The 20th semi-annual Convention was held at Jersey City, N. J., July 4, President Ed Ward presiding. Puzzlers in attendance: Ed Ward, Itami, Phil Down, Sphinx, B. Ver, Lone Fisher-man, Dick Graver, Cinders, Jo Hootey, Kosciusko McGinty, Axul, Eon, Morton, St. Germaine, F. Ancheli, Anonyme, and Barnyard. Dick Graver and F. Aitchell were elected to membership. Greeting was received from the Diamond Club and a "Report on Fints" by Joel H. Hint, was read, its approval upon Apheresis, Apocope and Syncope and taboo Decapitation, Curtailment and Deletion as "flat" titles, brought forth some discussion, but no definite action. Officers elected for ensuing term: Kosciusko McGinty, President; Lone Fisherman and Asian, Vice-Presidents; Nedmae, Corresponding Secretary; Itami, Recording Secretary; Sphinx, Treasurer; Alumnus, Official Editor. Philadelphia, Jan. 1, 1894, place and date of next meet. The Executive Committee was ordered to revise the membership list; also, to investigate the actions of Arty Fishel in connection with the Ruta

Baga medal tournament.

The proposition to issue the official organ quarterly instead of semi-annually, and to reduce the dues of absentees to 50 cents per six months, failed of securing the needful majority. Almost all the other amendments to the Constitution that the committee had proposed were accepted. After a lengthy speech by Ed Ward, the President was ordered to appoint a committee of five to take under advisement the project of enlarging the League into a National organization; the committee having power, if their report favored the project, to present a draft of suitable Constitution for such a body at the next Convention. Sphinx. through the League, offered a gold medal—to be known as the E. P. L. medal—for the best solving known as the E. P. L. mental—for the best solving record attained by any one puzzier—"copartner-ships" barred in Logotzicacy, Thedom, Study, Obscurities, and Mystery during the next October, November, December, January, February, and March, Treasurer's report showed a deficit of

CHAT WITH CONTRIBUTORS. Elbert's batch of giant forms are good, and

solvers will appreciate the lot. Our Denver friend has form-building "down to perfection." -Lone Fisherman was misinformed, as Beech Nut has not retired from Puzzledomonly from the editorship of Thedom, No doubt the solitary angler's words of praise of the bard of Newburg were fully appreciated by the latter, however.—Ernest will not issue Thedom until the 15th inst. We expect some interesting numbers when Ager once gets started .- From the above report it would seem that the Independence Day Convention was a success in many ways, if not financially. The selection of Philadelphia as next meetingplace was a wise one, and the gold-medal scheme of Sphinx'ra splendid idea.



We four girls-" the Clovers "-had a Fourthmanner: First, we decided to go to our wellbeloved picnicking spot-out beyond Georgewoods pleasant. There was a little spring of cool water, the pebbly creek itself, with pretty waiks along it and over the hills near by, and a large, level spot well shaded, where we could serve our luncheon and have our "conversation party." Above all, notwithstanding its many advantages, it was rarely known to other picnickers, and even on this day of celebrations was quiet with a quietness which was ours to dispel. As to time, we decided upon from 1 o'clock until 8 - picnics involving abnormally early rising and harried preparations were to our simple; it included ham and chicken sandwiches, crackers and cheese, a salad of deviled eggs wrapped in lettuce leaves, olives and and caramels. We had planned to have lemonade, but one miserable girl forgot the sugar, and the lemons were useless, except - "but that's another story," as Kipling remarks. There were 15 of us-an extra man-one of the girls disappointed us at the last moment. Some were not so well acquainted all around as the jollity of a picnic demands, so we decided to have a conversation party as soon as we arrived, in order to get things started. Our topics were eight in number, and were easily discussed. They were: L.—Rest.

Slape's a suparfluous necessity .-Kipling. 11.-Predestination.

Sometimes things are all right, sometimes you get it in the neck, but everything goes. See?-Scribner's. III .- Personal Responsibility.

It isn't because you bloomin' can't, it's because you bloomin' won't .-Kipling. IV .- Unrequited Affection.

We never esteem those who do not esteem us .- "Clovers." V .- Virtue its own Reward (?). Be good and you'll be happy, but

VI.-Fun Defined. A gilt-edged lark .- Scribner. A gigantic jag of joy .- Old Song.

you won't have any fun."

VII.-Preferring Blondes? "Some folks like Winter best, some folks like Summer best; but for me

give me liberty or give me death." VIII .- The Villain of Fictionor his feminine counterpart. Would

you rather go on a picnic with him or with the rightful hero or hero-

We wrote the topics on a heavy sheet of paper, folded once. On the outside was outlined in India ink a four-leaf clover, the words " As we were saying," and the date. A knot of Clovergreen ribbon was tied in one corner. Partners were engaged exactly as for a dance, except that the programs were entirely filled out before the first topic was begun. Fifteen minutes was found not too long for each topic, and I, as timekeeper, can truthfully assert that from 20 to 30 minutes is needed for the discussion of such subjects as "Unrequited Affections" and

"the Villain" question. It was a very pretty picture—the girls in their dainty freeks found comfortable seats for themselves, and the men moved around among them as their programs dictated. Occasionally Margaret would wander to the top of a hill on the opposite side of the creek, and insist upon her partner's coming way up there for his conversation, but the most of us enjoyed the cool shady grass near the stream, wherever a comfortable log or a gently-inclining treetrunk made pleasant lounging spots. Sometimes four would talk over the topic, and often one girl would talk to two men, as there was always - some good white soap, carefully rinsed and then one man without a girl, and unless he talked with some others, he was very apt to fire off | prettily laundered. But in drying them they fire-crackers and torpedoes unexpectedly or must be smoothed until every wrinkle diswander around discovering whether or not we appears. They will easily stick in place against were sticking to our topics. We had prizes, the glass. Anne, by vote of the men, won a little copy of "Coffee and Repartee," and a man received the prettily-pictured copy of "Stories of New York" that was awarded to the best talker over night to the beaten eggs. Soak a small among the men according to a vote of the girls. | cup of crumbs in a cup of milk, stir in them, After supper we explored the walks, hunted daisies, made experiments in mind-reading, played a round or two of "tea-kettle," told old jokes, tried to remember all of the Declaration of Independence, and then when it began to grow dusky we left the woods, and as we walked homeward we watched the Roman candles, sky-rockets, or flery balloons, shoot upward, proclaiming the city's patriotic joy.

On these hottest of Summer days there is great demand for the wide-brimmed Leghorn hats, and a girl who has none is in a sorry fix. They are not necessarily so expensive as they seem, although a profusion of ostrich feathertips costs quite a good deal of money. But the them drain on brown paper that will absorb hats can be prettily trimmed without. Silk creps makes a soft trimming, or the white cot- just a little larger than the fish, and lay a ton blonde with small dots. The bandeau of sardine on each piece of bread. Let them stand



twisted velvet is stylish, and if becoming is apt to be extremely so; but some girls do not look at all well with the hat raised so far from the head. For them there is another pretty device: a twist of silk or crepe, or tiny rosets of white satin, are put half-way round the brim next the crown, where they show prettily next the hair and soften the harder lines of the hat. White lace and satin ribbons, or crope and ribbons together, are used in loops and knots, and the hat is bent in any becoming shape. Little R. O. CHESTER. | tucks can be taken to draw the brim away from

the face by putting a few strong stitches from the brim to the crown.

One girl whose hats are always picturesque, wears the same shape every Summer, and knowing that it is perfectly becoming to her, pays no attention to the other styles that come and go. This Summer she has made over one -a white one dyed black. The brim is cut away close to the crown; the crown is made lower by one-half, and the brim is then sewed to it, and, as it is a little larger round than the crown, it has to be slightly ruffled, which gives it a most fascinating drooping outline. The brim is sewed far enough up on the crown to leave a of-July pienic arranged after the following narrow strip, round which black velvet is twisted and the bandeau is made. The brim is faced with white dotted blonde shirred at the town, on Foundry Creek. It possessed every- edge. Right in front, on top the hat, is a pert thing necessary for making an afternoon in the | black quill, and spreading on either side are two or three soft white ostrich tips, whose ends just carl over the edge of the brim. A twist of black velvet and the dotted blonde round the crown completes the hat, which is most be coming to its tall, fair, oval-faced wearer.

Pink gingham is again the material for a pretty gown. The one pictured was of pink faintly striped with white lines. It was simply made with a gathered waist, fastening invisibly down the front. A broad collar of white embroidery and similar cuffs finish the throat minds boresome. Our luncheon menu was and wrists. The sleeves are made with a lining of India linen. They are even larger than the ordinary leg-o'-mutton, but the same shape, and are tacked to the lining every once in a salted almonds, chocolate and angel-food cake, while in little irregular puffs, until they look exactly like pink crumpled rose leaves. When the gown is to be washed the stitches are taken out, that the gingham may be ironed smoothly. The sash is of pink silk, of the same shade as the gown, though it is very Frenchy and pretty to have some black with the dainty colors. In | will appreciate, Everybody knows the value a gown like this the sash is often black.

> All white, green and white, blue and white, and black and white are the very coolest combinations for the hot days. The gown pictured is of white wash silk lined with black threads, with a silvery gray light over it that is pretty. It is also made after a simple fashion. The waist has one surplice crossing over the other and fastened at the side under the arm. In the back the waist comes down to a narrow belt which, by means of slits in the surplice folds,



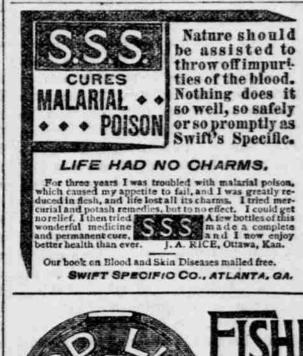
comes through underneath and helps to keep the gown in place. Such an arrangement is perfectly satisfactory if the gown fits well, and is to be worn over stays, but unless these be certain it is better to fasten a soft sash or ribbon around the waist, over the folds. In the little "V" in front there is a tiny gathered chemiset of plain white organdy and a straight collar of the same.

It is said that a black hat makes a tall women look shorter, and a bonnet lighter in color than the gown makes a short one look taller.

. . Handkerchiefs washed in warm water with hung against the window pane to dry, are very

A very good bread-crumb omelet is made by adding bread crumbs that have soaked in milk first, the beaten yolks of three egg, and then quickly add the beaten whites and salt and pepper according to taste. Have a teaspoonful of butter melted and hot in the frying-pan, and pour in the omelet. As soon as it is set fold one side over. By using potatoes instead of bread crumbs another good omelet can be made. If preferred this can be baked in the oven. Like all omelets it is best served imme-

Sardines always make a good dish for luncheon, and with a little preparation can be made much daintier. Buy the best canned goods, and take them carefully from the box, letting much of the oil. Have strips of toasted bread, in the oven until they are heated, and then sprinkle very lightly with grated cheese, Serve with lemon and parsley garnishes. ELSIE POMEBOY MCELROY.



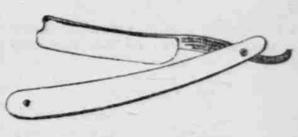


ine won't do any harm-too little may. Use too much, and you only waste it, that's all. But use too little, and it's only a bit better than none at all. You'll have to work harder, and you'll have to rub-and then the wear and tear begins. It's this rubbing, and this wear, and this work that Pearline, if properly used, takes away.

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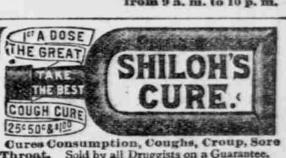
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